

The Converted Catholic

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For the instruction of Protestants regarding Romanism and for the enlightenment and conversion of Roman Catholics to the Evangelical Faith.

Published by

CHRIST'S MISSION

EVANGELICAL—NON-SECTARIAN.

Founded by the late, the Rev. James A. O'Connor, 1883.

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331 West 57th Street.

NEW YORK.

VOL. XXXII.

DECEMBER, 1915.

No. 12.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES, POSTPAID.

All subscriptions are payable annually in advance.

Subscription per year.....	\$1.50	To Ministers and Missionaries....	\$1.00
Single copy	15	Twenty or more copies, each.....	10
Ten copies to one address, per year, each	1.25	Agents, 20 or more copies per year, each	1.00

Subscription per year in English money, Six shillings threepence.

Remittances should be made by Check, P. O. Money Order, Express Order or Draft on New York, made payable to Christ's Mission or to The Converted Catholic, 331 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. Cash should be sent by Registered Mail. United States postage stamps received in small quantities and small denominations. Do not send stamps above ten cents each. Do not send Canadian or other foreign stamps or money.

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Change of Address. In making changes, send both old and new address.

Correspondence. Address all correspondence to the Director of Christ's Mission, 331 West 57th Street, New York City.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as second-class matter.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY MARTIN LUTHER.

Good news from Heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing:
To us this day a Child is given,
To crown us with the joy of Heaven.

This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From sin and sorrow set us free.

To us that blessedness He brings,
Which from the Father's bounty springs,
That in the heavenly realm we may
With Him enjoy eternal day.

All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn!
In my distress Thou cam'st to me;
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son!
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest new year of mercy sing.

Translated by Philip Schaff, D.D.

The Converted Catholic

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke 22: 32.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

"Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Matt. 16: 18.

The whole ecclesiastical system is built upon this text, and we are glad to have at hand more conclusive proofs than ever that the whole ecclesiastical system is false and founded upon a lie; for the papacy has no other foundations for its claims to supremacy than these so-called words of Jesus. And other Churches, which are in fact of less importance than the Roman Church, but who soar as high as she in their aspirations, claim to share the prerogatives implied in this text, in which they find a sanction for their claims to apostolic succession. But new light recently cast upon the subject will reveal that neither has any claims to such prerogatives. Jesus never meant to loose man from the yoke of Jewish sacerdotalism only to lay upon him another yoke which would be no lighter.

The theologians interested in establishing apostolic succession have been fighting for ages over whether Peter was ever in Rome. If Peter never went to Rome, as many assert, the pope could not claim to be successor of Peter. He was a bishop like any other bishop, without any right to supremacy. But no conclusive proofs have been adduced on either side. The Roman Church has resorted to the most ridiculous fables and frauds to support her claims, and has challenged her enemies to prove that she is not in the right. Of course, they cannot prove it. They ought not to try. They ought to oblige her to prove her assertion.

We are not going to investigate here the arguments presented by either side. We have something better and more conclusive to announce, and we do it with a thankful heart. It is

that *the text is wrong!* We have seen so much unscrupulousness in the Roman Church in the alteration of books and Mss., we have so often traced out the forging of her fraudulent old traditions, that we have had lurking suspicions that even the Word of God might have been altered by her copyists to build up in the name of Christ and Christianity an ecclesiastical system which has its origin only in the corrupt heart of man.

How we have rejoiced to find this indeed true can hardly be expressed.

We will not try to repeat here the story of the work of research among old manuscripts carried on by Mr. E. S. Buchanan, of Oxford, for we wish all our readers to buy and read for themselves his clearly expressed and inspiring lectures. In them they will find that enthusiasm for the truth and for the true Word of God which only too few professing Christians seem to feel.

In his study of the Old-Latin Western texts, antedating the Vulgate, which has been the accepted version for fifteen hundred years, Mr. Buchanan has found that important alterations had been made in texts, which, if restored to their oldest form, would seriously affect the ecclesiastical dogmas so long firmly established. In his lecture, "The Early Revisers of the Gospel," he says:

"I do not wish you to conclude that my manuscript researches have brought the great cardinal facts of the Gospel into any doubt. The miracles all stand. Not one has been added, and not one has, to the best of my knowledge, been altered. The parables stand. . . . It is the doctrinal statements; it is the statements which concern the divinity of Christ, the divinity of the Holy Spirit, the office of the Church, the everlasting mercy of God—it is on these vital issues that we find there has been an almost universal rehandling of the primitive words of the apostles."

Mr. Buchanan goes on to say that whereas we have all the great facts, pronounced in the Apostles' Creed, unshaken and unshakable, "doubt has been thrown, very serious doubt has been thrown, upon the validity of certain verses which have been used as foundation-texts on which to build vast ecclesiastical structures that have overtopped, and finally hidden from view, the orig-

inal Gospel, which was proclaimed to be glad tidings of great joy for all people."

Mr. Buchanan then goes on to tell of the important discovery he made in this country only a few months ago. He was working in the library of the University of Michigan, deciphering a Spanish manuscript loaned by the heirs of J. P. Morgan. It was acquired in London at a very large sum from a Spaniard, who said he had bought it from the convent of San Clemente, in Toledo. Aside from its value as a wonderful example of the illuminator's art, the manuscript is priceless as having in the main a Western text antedating both the Greek text of Origen and the Latin Vulgate. But many alterations and erasures are to be found in it.

While at work on this manuscript, Mr. Buchanan came to the remarkable words of Jesus to St. Peter, as we know them, and saw that they had been written over some other words which had been erased. Patient and painstaking efforts were rewarded by the deciphering of the erased words. They were these: "I say unto thee, upon this rock"—omitting, "Thou art Peter"—"*Upon this rock shall be built by the Holy Spirit His disciples.*" There is no mention of *Peter* or of the *Church*!

As Mr. Buchanan well expresses it, the study of the ancient manuscripts is like the study of geology, one stratum below another—and the older the text, the nearer we reach the original words of our Lord. How great an eye-opener the discovery of the alteration in our text will be to many!

Let us take heed, therefore, not so much to the letter that killeth, but to the spirit that giveth life. Only by the help of God's Holy Spirit, who, as has been promised, shall lead us into all truth, can we hope to be built as His disciples upon the one foundation, Jesus Christ.

The Protestant Magazine

Just as we are going to press we receive with sincere regret the unwelcome news that our colleague in the good fight, "The Protestant Magazine" of Washington, has ceased its publication with the December number. We shall miss its monthly appearance greatly, and we take this opportunity to point out the results of the indifference of American Protestants.

We know how much Protestant money goes to Roman coffers. Just at this time the Knights of Columbus have started a campaign to raise \$500,000 in New York, in two weeks, for the construction of a building for their headquarters, including many departments, with the purpose (carefully concealed, of course,) of un-Americanizing the youth of this city, and (avowedly) of competing with the Young Men's Christian Association and other Protestant institutions. The idea is to make it a centre where, not only the Catholic youth of both sexes may gather, but to furnish it with such attractions as to draw in Protestants as well. They count on Protestant money, and appeals are sent out broadcast, and great open, as well as underhand, activity is displayed. Even our office has not been excepted.

In view of this, is it not a pity and a shame that one of our best Protestant publications should be obliged to retire from the arena? The "Protestant Magazine" deserved enthusiastic support, not only because it has given the truth, and nothing but the truth, to the people, but because its fine appearance and the excellent manner in which it was edited, together with the low price of subscription, proved that it was in no way a business proposition.

We hope our readers, when they are approached with these appeals for the \$500,000 campaign, will remember that we need very sorely to raise at once \$10,000 for a cause which, we are sure, if we are able to carry out our plans, will be of lasting benefit for the support and defense of our American liberties.

A New Department

Our subscribers will be glad to hear that beginning with the January number our Magazine will devote a section to the subject of the secret movements of our politicians during the coming political campaign. The Free Press Defense League has been able to engage a man excellently equipped to follow the machinations of the Roman Church and its influence on politics, in order to furnish the patriotic press with the results of his investigations. This is a very important step, as we hope our readers will fully appreciate.

We need also to increase our circulation, and look to our friends to help us in this way.

A "Catholic Party" in the Episcopal Church

We are glad that the underhand workings of the Jesuits among prominent clergymen in the Protestant Episcopal Church began to manifest themselves at the sensational meeting of the Board of Missions of that body, held in New York on October 26th, in which Dr. Manning and four other prominent clergymen very unwisely displayed their colors.

We do not agree with the so-called Panama Congress, which we believe to be uncalled for, for reasons that we shall disclose in subsequent issues, but the position that Dr. Manning and the party he represents have taken is supremely ridiculous. It is good to know that such men as Dr. Reiland have been able to discover the partisan spirit, and the purpose of those who, obeying outside influences, are trying to destroy the principles of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and we are glad to notice in "The Churchman" and "The Chronicle" that this Catholic party is still composed of a very small minority. A protest such as that of Dr. Reiland is just what is needed to wake up the majority of the Church to a realization of the evil that has crept in and is stealthily at work. We give our readers the benefit of the article in full, as it appeared in "The World" for December 10th.

"The Rev. Dr. Reiland, of St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, in the annual report of the church issued yesterday, had some vigorous remarks to make about what he designated as the "Catholic" party in the Episcopal Church.

"'St. George's Church,' wrote its rector, 'has stood for 100 years for evangelical Protestant Christianity, and it has a peculiar right to protest against this ominous and Romanizing tendency in the Church at large and in this city. The laity should be warned and aroused concerning that of which they do not seem to be aware, that there is a Catholic party, and that it is speaking for the whole, and is striving vigorously to devitalize the true Protestant character of the Episcopal Church.

"We have allowed this spirit to exercise itself freely because we believe in peace, but it is as idle to-day as it ever was to cry, 'Peace, peace, where there is no peace,' and honesty, as well as self-preservation, demands that we realize the actual truth.

"We should use every means in our power to organize and prevent any further misrepresentation. We should insist that if our Catholic friends cannot stand our Protestant atmosphere they should move; we should make use of every opportunity to unite with other Protestant communions in the interests of spiritual common sense, efficiency and economy at home and in the mission fields, and not until we achieve far more unity than we have to-day will we receive the recognition of that great and growing congregation now outside of the churches.

"Christ came to make human life "more abundant" than it had ever been, not to establish a sacerdotal sect, imposing features of faith and practise as foreign to the spirit of His sublime teaching as were the stiff-necked ritualists of His own day whom He roundly condemned.

"The churches now so conspicuously neglected — and who shall say there is not cause? — may again come into popular favor. But if they do, it will not be through confusion and fear, but through conviction and faith, through the power of a Gospel, simply and spiritually given out, as it was originally received, free from the mutilations of man and the superimposed eccentricities which have no relative importance or justification among honest, capable, or serious scholars.

"Organized Christianity is being questioned, along with other things, and its present aspect, in my judgment, is scheduled to undergo radical transformation. The sooner the better, I think, for innate narrowness and prejudice hinder progress.

"It is well to be conservative, but when conservatism reaches the stage of chronic self-complacency — 'by divine right'—the object of reverence shifts from God to self-conceit, and that is fatal.

"Our attitude toward other communions is at fault because whenever the great and most important subject of Christian unity is discussed, the advocates for the word "Catholic" and all that in their language is implied thereby, and who love to assert that "Catholic" is our legal title, are unfortunately permitted to represent the Protestant Episcopal Church in a way that seriously misrepresents it.

"Thus it is that through them our attitude toward the Roman and Greek Churches is one of *obsequious nervousness*, and our attitude toward the Protestant communions, close at hand and closer at heart, is one of *affable condescension*. Concession is sought from the one and coercion is demanded from the other. As I have said, it is as idle to-day as it ever was to cry 'Peace, peace, where there is no peace.'"

Dr. Reiland does not say who has introduced this Catholic party into the Protestant Episcopal Church. We know too well that the originators of it are the Jesuits. Whether Dr. Manning is aware of it or not we do not know, but we can give positive proof that more than one Jesuit has been calling on Protestant ministers in order to convince them that the Catholic Church has been misrepresented and calumniated. We do not intend to offend Dr. Manning. We have a high respect for him, and should prefer not to use his name in this discussion. But since he has come out boldly in public with his pro-Roman ideas we have to answer him publicly. We take it for granted that Dr. Manning is possessed of high and noble ideals, and that, having realized the present lamentable condition of Christianity, he sees in universal union the remedy. But we cannot but say that Dr. Manning has shown a zeal without knowledge; and he has gone so far in his visionary speculations that he does not see the awkward position in which he and the party he represents have placed themselves. To be charitable, we should accuse Dr. Manning of ignorance; but even then we could not excuse him of error. If Dr. Manning and his party believe that they have the monopoly as lovers of peace they are mistaken. For my own part I have worked for years to bring the Church to terms which would reconcile thousands of her unreconciled children, who are yearning for what she cannot give them, yet fear to leave the shelter of their mother's bosom.

I did not leave the Church for pleasure. It cost me a superhuman effort and untold sacrifice. But truth and honesty compelled me when all my efforts toward reform from within were exhausted. I did not require much of the pope. All I said was: "Let me be honest, let me tell the people what we teach to be of divine right and believe so to be, and what we teach

to be so, and yet do not believe." So, if Rome had been willing to come down from her high place to the level of truth and honesty, I should never have left her. The peace which Dr. Manning advocates is the peace that a burglar might seek with a household he has invaded. All he asks is that they should keep quiet and let him rob them of their goods! Rome wants peace—yes, but she would rob us of truth and honesty and freedom. Now, if Dr. Manning is ready to give up these for the sake of having peace with Rome, that is a different matter, but I cannot believe such a thing of him. I believe he and his party simply lack knowledge of what they are talking about. Let me present the following to Dr. Manning for his consideration:

"The Pilot," of Boston, the official organ of Cardinal O'Connell, gives the terms of union proposed by the pope, and we guarantee that they convey exactly the sentiments of the Vatican. We quote from "The Pilot" as follows: "The position of the Church is clear and defined, as it has been since the beginning. Not one iota of her doctrine can be compromised. There is but one course open, and that is for all outside the Church to renounce their error and return to the ancient faith from which their ancestors departed centuries ago."

But there are some more facts that Dr. Manning probably does not know. Not many years ago it was still allowable to discuss the Anglican Orders in Roman Catholic seminaries, and opinions were naturally divided. Rome had not yet spoken, and one could be equally safe in holding these orders to be valid or the reverse. The Jesuits in England at that time were feeling their way. They were busy, too, establishing the Catholic or Ritualist party in the Anglican Church, and, by means of their friendly and fraternal attitude had made such progress that in some non-Catholic colleges and seminaries it was held to be an honor to have a Jesuit among the professors. Now, the Ritualist party thought the time was ripe for a recognition from the pope, and at their request the pope appointed a delegate to investigate. Father Pole was sent. He reported to the Vatican great eagerness on the part of the English clergy; but, strange to say, Rome

returned their kindness and liberality toward the Jesuits by saying that, after careful consideration of the Prayer-book, the Anglican Orders must be pronounced invalid on account of *defect of intention*. Since that time, to discuss in theological classes or lectures the validity or invalidity of the Anglican Orders was considered heresy, and all theologies that treated of this question had to be expurgated.

The Jesuits, true to their policy of craft and guile, did not stop their propaganda, but lamented with their good Anglican brothers the defect in the Prayer-book, and held out hopes that in time things might right themselves.

In 1892 another appeal was made to the pope, and this time Ritualists were willing to join Rome, provided they should at once be ordained *sub-condicione*. That was a great step toward Rome and disloyalty on the part of the Catholic party, the seekers of peace. But Rome sent Father Calasanz, afterward Cardinal Vives, (I was prevented from accompanying him as his private secretary by a serious illness) to confer with them. He sent back the most mocking report to Rome of how he was received by the good brothers, kneeling in abject servility; how Mass was said with the Roman Ritual, the Exposition of the Host, etc., etc. I remember well how he used to laugh and make fun of them as he related every detail to us, on his return.

Strange to say, his report to the Holy Father was as follows: "After careful consideration of my personal observations, I am convinced that they have lost all faith in their religion. There is no instance where the Church has made a compromise or treaty in any country, with any dissident body, and it is my opinion, *salvo* Your Holiness' command and pleasure, that they ought to be treated as are all those, who, confessing their errors, come to the Mother Church for salvation."

So, since that time, Dr. Manning and all of his brother Ritualists, whether in England or America, are nothing in the eyes of Rome but *apes*; their ministry is not recognized, and in case of going over to Rome they have to confess publicly their errors and accept baptism, becoming merely laymen. Any effort to maintain or seek for recognition of their

former position would be considered as a relapse to heresy.

But there is still more that I can say to Dr. Manning to prove to him that, as for Rome, the more you give the more she will try to take from you. We were taught that a Protestant coming to the Roman Church must be rebaptized, *sub-condicione*. To defend the contrary proposition was almost a heresy in my time.

Very recently I have seen that in Spanish-speaking countries, the words *si non es baptisatus* have been taken out of the Ritual, so the Church does not now recognize even the baptism of Protestants. If Dr. Manning, or even a Ritualist bishop, were to go over to the Roman Church he would have to be baptized, just as if he were a convert from heathenism.

From the foregoing, may it be clearly seen that, while the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church has been crying, "Peace, peace!" Rome has been separating herself farther and farther from them, so that now she does not recognize them even as baptized Christians. Is that the peace that Dr. Manning desires? If so, I should say to him do not stay one hour longer where you are; go where you belong. It is not honest to serve in a church and to administer sacraments, receiving a salary for your ministry, when you believe you are not authorized by the one body divinely appointed—that is to say, the Church of Rome.

But what amazes me more than anything else is to see how intelligent men like Dr. Manning, and many others, can so easily fall into the meshes of the Roman net. That such men should be impressed by Rome's exterior pomps and ceremonies is impossible. Such things are too superficial to have weight with men of learning as well as practical experience. In the matter of doctrines we have nothing to borrow from Rome. As to her unity of faith and discipline, she has managed to enslave her subjects and produce an outward appearance of wonderful solidarity, but we know too well how powerless she is to truly control the perversity of the human heart. She can muzzle the mouth but cannot govern the inner man.

As to her laws, they are well written, but captiously practised. I have always been reluctant to record my sad

experiences, but for the sake of Dr. Manning and his followers let me take out of hundreds of cases only one as an example.

In all mystic theologies of the Roman Church Dr. Manning will read that bishops, under pain of mortal sin, have to be perfect. There is discussion as to whether a priest must be perfect, or must merely strive for perfection; but concerning a bishop there is no doubt, and for a mystical mind there is a great deal of attractiveness in the argument for this. Some years ago, before I left the Roman Church, I was invited to the consecration of a bishop. On account of special circumstances it was to be a great event, attended by the most lavish display. Bishops and other personages were invited to come from far and near to grace the occasion. In a word, it was to be one of the most sumptuous consecrations ever solemnized in Spain. I was one of the guests of the Archbishop, in whose cathedral the consecration service was to be held. I arrived in the city early in the afternoon, and after supper I told the Archbishop that I was going to call on the bishop-elect. I was an intimate of the family, as I was the confessor of his mother, who was with him, and several other members of his family. For this reason the Archbishop was kind enough to allow me to go first, in order that the family should enjoy my visit with more freedom. He promised to join me later to make other calls on mutual friends.

When I reached the house and greeted the family, they insisted upon my going upstairs unannounced to find the bishop-elect. There I was the involuntary witness of a deed such as would degrade any man, and how much more one who was going to be consecrated next day, with the understanding that the Church required him to be perfect. I was struck dumb with amazement and horror. But what will Dr. Manning think happened? The man saw me, and right on the spot exclaimed, "Father, take a seat. I want to confess." I saw through it, and never in my life have the laws of the Church of Rome appeared so infernal to me as at that moment. I knew that that man was going to cover his crime by shut-

ting my mouth, and that the whole Roman legislation was in his favor, and against me. I had to sit down, then and there, as I dare not refuse, and receive his confession, kneeling; and the only thing that the law allowed me to say was, "Can you not wait? I do not think this is an appropriate place, nor that you can be in good disposition." He answered, "Father, that is none of your business. I am a sinner, and I need you, now and here." And although I could not but be convinced of his bad faith, the law of the Church obliged me to grant him absolution.

I was so shocked that when the Archbishop came to take me to make the proposed calls I was unable to go with him, and had to feign an attack of sickness. I could not sleep. No one can imagine the dreadful night I passed, and I resolved not to take any part in that consecration. But the trouble was, how to avoid it. I would have gone on feigning sickness, but it was Sunday, and I had not enough reason for failing to say Mass to satisfy my conscience. Besides I was afraid many would think it strange, if I was able to say Mass, that I could not be present at the consecration. At last I remembered that I had a permit from the pope to say Mass at any time after one o'clock in the morning, and I took advantage of it for the first time. I said Mass in the private chapel of the Archbishop's palace, and went to bed, expecting to stay in bed all day, and so avoid being present at the consecration. The news of my illness spread, and about an hour before the consecration a page of the bishop-elect came to me with a card from him, on which were written these words, underlined: "*I expect you will not make the mistake of being absent at my consecration.*" I knew what that meant. It meant that he was going to accuse me of using the secret of the confessional—*extra confessionem*—and there is no ecclesiastical court that could uphold me. Needless to say, I was present at the ceremony.

Now, does Dr. Manning see the beauty of the laws of the Roman Church, when applied in practice?

THE EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

LETTER TO CARDINAL GIBBONS

XLV.

Dear Cardinal:

Just as I was going to write to you, the newspapers published a full report of the allocution of Pope Benedict in the recent secret Consistory of the Sacred College. You will remember that at his election I replied to the comments of your papers, which exalted his diplomatic abilities, that he was not possessed of any of the qualities you attributed to him. He has never been a diplomat. He was merely the little messenger boy and acolyte of Rampolla, with no diplomatic talent but that of managing to get to their destination certain missives of his master directed to distinguished ladies in Madrid. The only hope for his career as pope was that he had Cardinal Ferrata as his counselor; but Ferrata died, unfortunately, and our little pope was left to his own resources. Worse than that, he was left in the hands of the Jesuits, who, being unwilling that any pope should rise to eminence, allow him to fall into blunders for the sake of making him feel his dependence upon them.

I have never seen a public document, supposed to be diplomatic, with less diplomacy and less substance to it than this latest allocution. It is truly a shame that such a document should come from one claiming to be God's earthly representative, when the present condition of the world and the solemn occasion demanded so much of him.

I am quite sure that any public school boy, if directed to write an essay on the subject, would have a little more to say; probably his clear conscience would make him feel freer in expressing himself. No wonder it is also reported that the European press treats the pope's words as *ambiguous*! Everything is ambiguous in the Vatican.

The whole allocution, eliminating the play of empty words and high-sounding phrases, contains only two points. One is that the pope had suggested, in his original letter to the powers, that negotiations for peace must consist of a calm and "serene" exchange of ideas between the belligerent nations. The pope must have felt some burning coals in his conscience if he took time to reflect upon this thought. He must know that for the last quarter of a century the great efforts of the Jesuits have

been put forth precisely to impede any frank intercourse or exchange of ideas between the governing powers of Europe. Particularly in the case of Germany and England, they have fought against any amicable understanding, knowing that such an understanding could not be reached without imperiling Austria and the interests of the Church. The only course open to them was to work as spies in behalf of each of those Governments, reporting nothing but envies and animosities. I know of a case where a Jesuit in England has been writing articles against Germany, and another Jesuit in Germany writing against England.

But in any case, even though he felt himself free of all responsibility in the matter, for the pope to wait till such carnage and destruction as the world has never yet witnessed should have gone on increasing in horror month after month before he raised his voice in protest; or, in the face of such awful ravages, to suggest a calm interchange of ideas, when none better than he knows the real state of affairs, is not only inept and inadequate, but farcical!

Why did he not make more effective efforts to bring this about before? Why did he let a whole year of war pass by before appealing to the powers? Feeble letters to the powers, phrased in ambiguous language—are they worthy the name of efforts?

The pope cannot deceive me, for one, or make me believe that he is really desirous that the war should stop now. We said some time ago that the papacy would not move with any degree of energy to bring about peace, and we repeat it now after months have proven our assertion.

We want to be more explicit still. The papacy will not make any real effort in this direction while there is hope of Germany and Austria humiliating France and England. The papacy cannot forgive France for its alliance with England. The intriguers of the Vatican have been watching for the opportunity to make a *coup d'état*, such as has been made in former times of war and political turmoil, which would humiliate England and at the same time crush Turkey, and wrest Constantinople and the Holy Land from its power. But Germany's need of the assistance of Turkey against the Allies has overturned the plans of the Vatican, and put the papacy in a most difficult position. We

shall have occasion, I hope, to make still clearer what was really the political plan, as I was acquainted with it.

The second bit of substance to be threshed out of the chaff of this allocution is the remedy which the pope prescribes. A truism, such as this, does not need the inspiration of any higher power. Here are the words of the "Vicar of Him who is the peaceful King and the Prince of Peace":

"It is absolutely necessary, as in all human controversies where the contending parties seek a settlement, that each group of belligerents should cede on some points and renounce some of the advantages hoped for. It is also necessary that each should make these concessions with good grace even if it cost some sacrifice."

Well, we have not yet seen any of the belligerent parties "seeking for settlement," much less eager to make any sacrifice, except of the lives of their own soldiers, so we do not know whether the pope alludes to the Germans, or to all concerned. In that case, shall we declare them all to be innocent or the reverse? Will the powers heed and obey the voice of the infallible one? I am afraid they will be more apt to turn a deaf ear. The pope's advice carries no power with it, because the example of the papacy, now as in former times, is in exact opposition to his words. We do not wish to repeat here hundreds of instances where Rome has involved nations in bloodshed just because she never was willing to cede a point or make any sacrifice. There was no necessity for the Italian war, if Rome had listened to the just cries of her children. The revolutionists protested again and again that they did not want to go to war. They were preaching peace while the priests were recruiting men for the pope's army. Even after the conquest of Rome, the king was ready to accept the pope's terms, and his courteous invitation was answered with an excommunication. There is no document containing more liberal terms than the Law of Guaranties, which was made on purpose to prevent a conflict in the consciences of the Italian believers. A better interpretation of true liberty has never been expressed in any public document. And yet the pope has so little respect for the peace of mind and conscience of his own people that he said, through Pius IX., and repeats through Benedict XV., "I will have all, or nothing!" He is not willing

to cede anything for the sake of peace. He cannot say that he is a true representative of the Prince of Peace.

If the pope answered the framers of the generous Law of Guaranties with an excommunication, do you suppose that if, instead of treating him with such respect and courtesy, they had crucified him in front of the Vatican, he would have said, like Him he claims to represent: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? France, he claims, is the elder daughter of the Church, and yet he preferred to plunge all his children there into great spiritual conflict before ceding to the just demands of the Government.

And what about Spain? The liberal sentiment and progress of France have limited the Catholic party, and in spite of the secret workings of the Jesuits, the pretensions of the Bourbons have died out with the remnants of the Royalist party. So, except in a few instances where the priests could succeed in rousing the populace, the danger of the loss of life was small, and the possibility of civil war even less. But in Spain, where ignorance and fanaticism are so widespread, there cannot be a break with the Church to-day without a great conflict involving much bloodshed. And, in spite of this threatening danger, which keeps the Liberal Party from going forward, the Church was absolutely decided to break with the Government and to bring about such a terrible state of affairs, before ceding to the demands of the Government, which were even less than the requirements of modern progress would seem to demand.

And do you know, Cardinal Gibbons, just as a fanatic Socialist in Servia killed the beloved son of the Church and brought about, through the instigation of the Church, the European War, a fanatic Catholic killed Canalejas in Spain, in order to rid the Church of a powerful liberal element? And, instead of the Church asking vengeance on the deed, as in the case of Servia, I am quite sure that there was many a heart in convents and episcopal palaces that sang a *Te Deum*.

Does this show that Rome has at any time had any dread of crime, or that she is ready to cede one least point in order to prevent it?

And you, Cardinal, in the face of all this, assert that the Church has no political aims!

But there is another and more important question to consider. It is the religious question. I can venture to say that there is no religious body which would not rejoice if we could reach a perfect understanding, and I myself believe that, while there exist religious dissensions, there will be wars and rumors of wars in the world. The papacy has always been, and ever will be, an obstacle to this blessed event. There have been efforts made, again and again, in England, and even Germany, on the part of the established Churches to gain recognition and amicable relations with Rome. They wanted peace, but they do not want to be Roman. If the pope had been willing to sacrifice just a little on his part, and consent to be simply the bishop of Rome, a great deal might have been accomplished and there would be ground to hope for the future union of Christendom and peace in the world.

I think, Cardinal, that if the pope should take steps toward this union of Christians, not as he now conceives it, as "Come and unite yourselves to me," but by following his own advice of making concessions and sacrifices, on his own part, as well as requiring them of others, his example might possibly influence the belligerent powers to do the same in political affairs. But this can never come about while the Jesuits are in existence. Their company was founded with the purpose of fighting for world-dominion, and there will be no lasting peace on earth so long as they are allowed to exist.

MANUEL FERRANDO.

As this issue goes to press Christmastide draws near. It is the time when Angel Messengers announced "Peace on earth, good-will toward men"; yet again we have to meet it in the presence of the horrors of war. As we thank God for having spared our country thus far, let us feel a keener sympathy and pity for those who are in the midst of this great tribulation, and let us pray more fervently than ever: "Thy Kingdom come!"

But we know that not yet will struggles cease. In our own land the "fight is on" between powers of good and evil. God grant each one of us to face the new year with high and undaunted courage, and the determination not to let slip a single opportunity to strike a blow in the cause of Truth and Freedom.

POISONED WELLS

BY ALSA LORRAINE.

It is astonishing, in this day of enlightenment and superior education, when books are so many, and information and general knowledge can be had for the asking, that we, so favored, are less advanced along many lines than in the days that first saw the light of the Reformation, when the major part of the world was proud to band itself under the great name "Protestant." To be a Protestant, then, was something in truth to be proud of. All who had turned from midnight darkness to the break of day, prepared to follow in its glorious light, felt no name could sufficiently convey the meaning of the great change and all the contrast that day from night expressed, except the word "Protestant." This state of affairs continued through many years, and so much good has been borne from it that the world in consequence has gone steadily onward and upward. Those who have not traveled find it hard to appreciate the fullness of this truth. They have seen the world progressing and they take it as a matter of course that it should. Men will give different reasons for this; among the best, that literature, with learning, is more free in circulation. That is true, and so very far true, that if *good* literature with *right* learning could be *more free* in circulation and less handicapped by Index and Roman censor, the world might be very much further advanced even that it is at present. Therefore, the fear that the glorious day brought about by the Reformation is fast declining into night again—a second era of midnight darkness—is wrong; that so many should have this black foreboding, is ill-founded; it is because they see but one side of the great question. The world is not retrogressing. The Reformation never came about for naught. Nothing ever came about without a cause and without producing a lasting effect; thus the work of the Reformation is not lost, but rather, never completed, and it is left for us to follow it up by spreading the light which burned into the souls of our glorious ancestors. Travel is perhaps the greatest factor toward unfolding our minds to the real state of the Church of to-day and to the relation of the different nations toward her. Reading—unrestrained reading—is a vital help, but perhaps no

one fully believes anything except he actually sees or himself experiences something of that he reads. This is why I say that only those who have traveled can appreciate to the full how much the world has advanced since the days of Wycliff and Huss, and how much is due to the work of the schools they founded.

And yet, to-day, a great deal of the old spirit is lost. We forget the dear price that was paid for a freedom so sadly bought, because those of us who have never experienced the baneful results of Roman bondage, know not the necessity of banding together in the grand old Protestant cause, bearing with untarnished splendor and pride the Protestant name. There are innumerable ways by which we can prove our loyalty, but what we do for the cause is little at most, if we do not lay a foundation for the continuance of the work in the generations to follow.

Lacordaire said: "Give me a child till its seventh year, and I will give you the rest of his life." Great words from a master mind, and so generally true, that the Catholics, who realize the force of them, have lost no time in gathering under their wing all the children they can lay hands on. With such a drilling as Lacordaire and our Roman contemporaries would give them, this is unquestionably a fact. But without it, even so great a man as Lacordaire, might have overestimated a child's receptivity, or perhaps the rule is proved by the exception. At any rate, it is no less the truth that impressions *can* be made at a later date, especially during the romantic age when sentiments may be appealed to in such a way as to change the current of a man's future. It is the *molding, even after seven*, of youthful minds we should look to. Not half the consideration is given that parents should give to the matter. Never should they act simply on the advice of others, but take it on themselves to make investigation, for no labor expended in such a cause will be labor lost. This is the first duty we owe to the Protestant name.

A short time ago I read in the June number, Vol. XXXII, of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC: "The Branch Workers' meeting has taken up for consideration the question of the utility of convent schools." Having been trained in them myself, from the time I was six years old, I think a few words, where volumes are needed, could do no harm, but might go a long way toward

saving some poor, benighted parents, who may be on the high road to the dangerous fortresses the lecturer speaks of, with the single idea of leaving their hapless children in them. It is all very simple; a word, sometimes, dropped on the wrong side of the fence can wreck a life, and many a life is wrecked just that way, because parents ask haphazard: "Where will my daughter, or son, be under the safest supervision and have the best care?" If the question be put to a Catholic, it is quickly answered by: "The convent or monastery," and many a Protestant advises the same for pure lack of a personal knowledge of what he is talking about. The question is settled, the young girl goes; but, unless she herself is a Catholic, she rarely, after her marriage, sends her own children. She either becomes a convert and a nun, or a convert and—what the Catholics term—a renegade, going back to first principles after having left the visionary life of the monastery and learned "the truth, and the whole truth," in the words of the blessed Margaret Mary, from the very substantial world she has henceforth to live in. Sometimes, but—mark this—very rarely, a girl comes back into the world with a mind entirely her own and laughingly states: "No, I am not a Romanist; I am perfectly sound." But, after two or three years, you will frequently find that even she falls under that spell and joins the Church of Rome.

This was my case. Does it seem likely that one could be adopted, so to speak, from childhood up by priests or nuns, wrapped in a halo of exalted mystery, without becoming, when removed from this atmosphere, homesick for the old environment, filled with a sickening sense of being cut off in spirit, and, more appalling still, *in fact*, from everything—everything that binds or ought to bind one in life? We will take my case, because I had the necessary resistance and plenty of excellent Quaker and Puritan blood to back me, to prove how the great machine works. Instead of a girl's wholesome love for society at home and abroad, bursting from a young heart like a pure streamlet, being encouraged to be fed by the inpouring rivulets of the world, to become great in the knowledge of the world's needs, gathering in its course lessons of love, sympathy, courage, strength, to expand like a great river and again, in time, to give out all she has received in the mighty rush of the years

—what happens? She is handicapped by a deadly lack of self-appreciation, a sense of unfitness for the environment in which she suddenly find herself, a sense of longing, a sense of loss, that nothing can satisfy or fill. Such a girl—where do you suppose she would naturally turn for consolation and advice? Not to her home, she has none, for she has become completely estranged; not to society, it would not understand. No; the training of the convent has conquered. When a dog hears music he suffers, and utters the most pitiful cry. Well, many and many a time the music of a glittering ballroom has made me feel like that poor dog. My father could not understand—how could he?—that a young girl, eighteen, would rather sit in the solitary quiet of her room than attend a navy ball. Is it a matter of wonderment that worldly gaiety should strike a shrill, discordant note on my nature and make me shed real tears of pain, as being out of harmony with every other being, and all that to me seemed false, untrue, unreal!

Well, here is the first reason, but only the first—and one reason why convents should be wiped off the earth: The world is not what it was 800 years ago, and no woman can be molded for the world by monastic or convent hands. This is a general reason that all parents should consider well; but there are specific reasons. A lady asked me, in Vienna, what I thought of sending her daughter to a convent, her best argument being that the girl was too worldly, unruly and headstrong. I asked her how she expected the nuns to do that which she could not do herself with her own daughter. Women of the cloister, who knew nothing of the world, who were entirely without experience, could only bend her daughter's spirits by breaking them; but, as she was a wealthy woman, her daughter would have a better chance of coming out as she went in, especially if she were over sixteen years and able to take care of herself. I told her so. In that case she would not be any nearer her goal, for her daughter would only come out a bit more unruly, more headstrong and even more worldly, as the nuns would hardly have time in one year to get in their work, but would only pamper and flatter her, and laugh at her caprices.

I recall two extreme and opposite cases at the minute of my writing, illustrating this point. A man in the humble walks of

life brought a little girl to the convent not more than six years old; she became melancholy and morose; at first, she was like any other child, but this morbid temperament became accentuated and finally she committed suicide. A rich woman brought her daughter to the convent, a girl of sixteen years. She was a "tomboy," "bold as brass," in the choice dialect of the "angel" of the classroom. (The word "angel," applied to this woman, was a matter of such disturbing perplexity to me I remember writing sixteen pages on the subject to my mother; needless to say, the letter never reached her through the mails!) The girl bore my Christian name. She was a Protestant; this was a bad beginning and presaged no good; but, lucky girl!—she was rich, and everybody knew it. I, lucky girl, was rich too, but with this difference, *nobody* knew it. Fannie, this Fannie, was apparently meek as Moses, having been in convent training off and on for ten years; yet, I would have been afraid to think of the things Fannie A did, but Fannie A and I were Protestants—precious bond of union! Moreover, we were the only Protestants in the school at that time, therefore it was deemed fitting by the directress to enter the hall the first night of Fannie's reception, mount the platform and hold forth to this effect: "Young ladies, we have a newcomer in this school, a girl named Fannie A. They are very wealthy people. Fannie has had all the advantages of money and luxury. I hope, girls, you will make her at home and one of you. But, young ladies, I deeply regret to say, Fannie is a Protestant. Now we have one other Protestant in this room, a Fannie B. I wish it understood that these two girls are not to speak to each other at any time. If you see them do so, you must report it; not that I am afraid of Fannie A contaminating Fannie B, but because I am afraid Fannie B will contaminate the newcomer. Fannie B is not only a Protestant, she is an infidel! She is without religion, respect or reverence! She is not afraid of any one (which was not quite true, as I was deadly afraid of her!)—in a word, she is a girl with no conscience, who does not believe in God or the devil! (This, with a shriek:) Why, girls, to-day I heard she destroyed a crucifix for the mere satisfaction of reducing a sacred article, especially the cross, to pieces; then she trampled on it and threw it away!" This, of course, was absolutely untrue, but it hit the mark. It

was the A-B-C of their policy. Up to that time I had been really religious, but for the first time I received a terrific blow.

When it comes to Fannie A, there was nothing under the sun the girl did not think of doing; she whistled during the funeral service of one of their priests (from which I was debarred as being too much of a heathen to enter the church). From pretending to swallow pins, to placing a cat in the night table of a very nervous nun, she ran the gamut of daring and deviltry. The nuns were hard pressed; what to do with her they did not know; they were confronted by a grievous problem. When they thought she was about to reform, she broke out anew and was worse than ever. One afternoon she broke all bounds, made a dash for liberty, struck out for the priest's garden, gathered the flowers under his window, singing, "Yield not to temptation," and as she afterward confided to me, flirted with the priest, a young man. Some one saw her and phoned up to the convent to watch for her return. She came, laden with beautiful flowers, but, assuring the mother her motives were purely pious and that she had plucked them for the foot of the "Blessed Virgin's" statue, they praised her worthy intentions, though Fannie herself said the mother knew differently.

One evening I stepped from the ranks of two-by-two and turned out one of the gas jets, as we had been instructed to do as a matter of courtesy, to save the nun in charge the trouble of extinguishing both. Fannie, quick as a flash, darted out and turned out the other, leaving the hall in total darkness. The girls took advantage of this and ran riot. The nun, without any further ado, nabbed me and shut me in a room for two weeks, without allowing me to go out or to speak with any girl during the period. Remonstrance was useless; I was the under dog; but unchangeably happy, I failed to see any but the humorous side. I knew the nuns were well aware how the thing happened; it was self-evident; the whole school knew it, but, as I skipped all my examinations during those weeks I did not really care. I can still look back and see myself sitting and reading a blood-curdling novel, with a misleading title, and a book on science, which a darling, innocent nun secreted to me. All this made me very happy, and for lack of something more intellectual, after having exhausted these two books, I tried to split

hairs with a pin, to find out if I could be as proficient as those who made eyes in needles. With so much time for practise, I became unfalteringly perfect. But the missing of my lessons was only half the wrong they did me.

So things went on, till at last Fannie became so dreadful to the nuns they were obliged to ship her off. With just what language they did it, I do not know, but they told us she was "ignominiously expelled," which made all the girls quake. But I had my doubts about the ignominious part of it, for I had my misgivings that they would dare! This followed the climax of her escapades, when she made the nuns believe she was going to become a Romanist and thereby won the coveted blue ribbon, before undeceiving them; and thus Fannie left, a degree worse than when she entered.

Our convent ranked among the very best in America. It has since become dignified by the name of college, but if the college acquits itself as well as the convent I pity the poor girls who attend it. The education was not of the deepest; we learned just about what the nuns were able to teach, and there it ended. But this is hardly to be wondered at, when I heard a lecture delivered at a famous educational centre by a prominent Jesuit, who expressed himself thus: "Ugeenie Grandette suffered from ennui" (*ennui*) and after some more of this interesting pronunciation even of English, "Peer Girotte was Balsac's most famous novel." I was one day told by one of the nuns that the general directress said she had never heard a more beautiful flow of language from a child than mine. I often thought about it, and as often wondered at her praise, but not so after a few months. The "very rich" girls of the school, among them "a millionaire's niece," more than once sent the shivers up my back by asking me if I would pass "them ere scissors," and had I been to the "the-a-tur Xmas." Three of these rich girls, daughters of noted Romanists, surnamed "The Triplets" and "many times millionaires," were kept busy on visitors' day running errands from end to end of the long and spacious corridor, and even now I can see how pretty and graceful they looked. I was dense, but my attention was drawn to the fact by the others, that these dear "little girls" in their seventeenth year, looked exceedingly charming in their abbreviated kilts. Just why they did not wear the regulation uniform, like the rest

of us, to the shoe tops, was not explained, except a satisfactory explanation be found in the "Dance of the Woodland Sprites," written for their sole benefit on Distribution Day. The plainer girls were severely reprimanded if they dared leave the community hall. Our convent was very limited as an educational institution, but—take note of this—we had an imposing exterior, and this goes a long way in popular estimation. When my mother and sister called to see the place, a good lunch was served and a big, comfortable carriage placed at their disposal. They were entertained delightfully and driven far and near. The country was gorgeously beautiful in its Fall raiment and the convent, with its flying buttresses, like a great bird, rested among the hills in the setting sun. It was beautiful at a distance, but on nearer approach it was both stately and palatial. Who would not be impressed? If any doubt remained, the superb entrance, with spreading staircase and galleries, would have set it at rest.

There was nothing intellectual or broadening in convent life. There was much that was elevating and attractive, but while one-fourth of this was due to the convent, three-fourths were due to the imaginative balance of the girl. I, like nearly every other girl, loved the convent. Why? Because we lived there in another world, and, in spite of all I am telling, there was a subtle influence none of us could resist. There were many things to appeal to the imagination, not least among them the letters we were privileged to write to the Queen of Heaven, addressed: "Celestial City, care of St. Joseph," to be conveyed by the archangel or some of the cherubs. These were laid in a basket at the foot of the altar, and were not supposed to be sealed, but some of the wiseacres preferred the latter method. Subsequently they were carried with great ceremony through the woods by the "Children of Mary" in blue and white, preceded by priests, acolytes and incense, and followed by a train of girls, likewise dressed in white, but no blue (as only the awfully good girls had this distinction), bearing lighted candles and singing the litany. It was pretty; no doubt about that. When we arrived at the foot of the statue of the Immaculate Conception, in a rocky niche near some streamlet, we knelt down and repeated the rosary, while the dear, good priest, as the nuns called him, consigned our missives to the flames and thus hastened them to Heaven. During the proces-

sions my head was almost always in the clouds, and I seemed to have a predestined aptitude for dipping my candle, to the grief of the veil in front of me, and several times I well-nigh started a panic.

Our "retreats" were delightful—a week of reflection and introspection; a week of perfect silence, relieved by conferences three and four times a day; chapel, as the girls termed it, practically all day long. We could sit for hours under the dreamy spell of incense and flowers and candles, or in the fascinating, dim light that revealed nothing but weird shadows. During one of these retreats a girl whispered to me: "Have you ever analyzed the word *convent*? Does it not appeal to you? The word stands for a meaning far beyond the seeming limits of language. To me it holds a mystery, deep, unfathomable, inexpressible." I thought awhile, and then answered: "It does." It was the perfect calm. This calm grew on us and we wanted to become a part of it, until finally, one day, I wrote home saying: "I want to remain. I do not care to leave here—ever." I do not remember having written this, and certainly meant nothing heartless, but I was often twitted about it in after years.

In matters of deceit, I could tell enough to prove that the *system* is at fault, and not any one convent. Our convent was as good as any in the United States. It was a type. Having said this, let us proceed. I received a smiling permission from the Rev. Mother to write a letter home to my mother. It was sixteen pages long, closely written. I sealed the envelope with Le Page's glue and placed it innocently in the convent box. The letter landed in the mother-general's room, and three weeks of worry were set aside by a sudden call to her private quarters. The letter was brought out and exhibited. I, furiously indignant, protested and reminded the mother that the letter, by her permission, was private and to my own mother. She denied that I ever obtained such permission. I showed her the opening lines and she said I lied. I told her I had mailed the letter myself and requested an explanation as to how a sealed envelope, once in the box, had found its way into her possession, and how it came to be unsealed so faultlessly as not to show tampering. She replied she did not know, as the letter fell from her drawer one morning, and she judged the heat of the drawer had un-

sealed the envelope; she did not know how it got there. As for the first sentence, telling of its privacy, by her permission, she said she had not noticed it, but in any case it was without foundation of truth. Any impartial reader can see this was deliberately planned to find out how I felt toward this institution. The only question to my mind was about the mail box. I was strongly under the impression it was a genuine U. S. box, but if it was not, it was made suspiciously like unto one.

Once I carried a book from home, "Rob Roy," belonging to a handsome set. I was deep in it, when a very heartless nun "swiped" it from me. As they did not have Walter Scott's works in the library, among the great array of books, sent by well-disposed Irish Catholics, among which figured most prominently "Biographies of Eminent Men," notably Irish politicians whose daughters were in the school, I suspected the nun wanted to read it. At any rate, I could not get it back again. She said it was *lost*. Papa wrote for it to no purpose. I suggested she might find it in her desk, but she did not take kindly to the suggestion. She kept her desk locked. I felt I had a right to my own book; one day when she left her desk unlocked I adopted Alphonso Liguori's advice or counsel, and helped myself to the book; with this difference, I was helping myself to that which belonged to me. I knew the book was there, because I knew the value of a nun's word, and I knew also it was the only chance I should ever have to get it.

One year I carried off a real gold medal. The incident was a clever stroke of policy on the part of the nuns. I believe they had never had a French medal, certainly not in some years, but here was an opportunity not to be neglected. I was a fluent French scholar, having forgotten my English for French at nine years of age. A priest remarked I spoke beautiful French, as indeed I did. A French play was staged for the Distribution, in which I did all the talking except for monosyllabic phrases. At the bottom of the pamphlets passed among the guests was written: "Translated for the occasion by Miss Fannie B." They were proud of me at last, and I carried off the medal amid great applause, thereby freshening up a faded laurel leaf in the institution's crown.

During the year we were given a number of holidays. Almost

anything served for a pretext. The death of a resident priest or of a nun, which was quite frequent; the visit of a bishop or priest, the holy days of the first class, the days of plenary indulgences, which we were sorry to hear never came oftener than once in a life-time and which were to be highly prized, and, above all, the Rev. Mother's day, when we would sing: "Guide, guard and protect her for many a future year." As she was then past ninety, I couldn't help wondering if it wouldn't become a bit embarrassing to keep it up. As Mother was generally supposed to be the poorest person living, and the object most worthy of deepest veneration and sympathy, after His Holiness, the pope (who we were told slept on straw), we were given some weeks before the day came in which to make up our minds what we would do for her. The effect of a dissertation on Mother's poverty and needs was so affecting on one of these occasions that a young minor wrote home about it (as we were all expected to do), and translated the spirit of the message so accurately, or inaccurately, her own mother, believing it all to be true, sent at once a fine camel's hair underskirt to keep the poor old woman warm. This was not the sort of poverty the directress had intended to convey, and her indignation rose to quite a pitch when she saw it. But what capped the climax and raised her indignation to a towering rage was when her appeal to give our Mother a "genuine surprise" fell through. The "surprise" consisted in offering a salver of flowers to Mother, surrounded by gold coins of "various denominations," if necessary, though ten-dollar pieces "would look better, and be more effective." The day dawned for the arrangement of this wonderful floral piece, and, save for the three gold pieces given by the graduates, there were none others, but ten and twenty-five-cent pieces in no great number. It made the directress feel, as she described it, "a holy indignation—a just anger"; that she was *wholly* indignant goes without saying, and if her feelings accorded with her acts they must have been pretty bad. She certainly lost her equilibrium, for she held the pieces aloft in a tightly clenched fist and shook it at us, shouting: "Take your filthy lucre back! Take it! We do not want it." I remarked, however, that they were held in a pretty firm grasp, and, to all intent, were likely so to remain, as indeed they did.

The girls looked forward with delighted anticipation to days

when some itinerant priest would come our way. This was gala day for two reasons; first, it meant a half-holiday, and, secondly, an all-round good time for us, especially for the graduates and older girls. These priests were many and varied, from the brilliant, magnetic and influential Mons. Capel to men of obscurity and ignorance. One day an acolyte fainted on the altar (as the expression is), and the reverend father grabbed him by the collar, dragged him across the chancel and threw him into the sacristy, to the immense amusement of the nuns and the edification of the scholars. During one of these visits, a priest engaged the three graduates one Sunday evening in a card game, and though our silence hour was at 8.30 sharp, preparatory to retiring at 9, we sat up till 10 o'clock. The priests, such as came our way, were not a cultured class of men, as a rule; some very decidedly vulgarians, as was manifest on more than one occasion, when they would become a little "too fresh," as the young girls put it, with some of the scholars. Coming events cast their shadows before, and the visit of a priest was generally heralded by a well-filled tray bearing the good things—reminders of a Thanksgiving dinner—floating down the farther end of the corridor on the other side (the nun's side) of the grand staircase.

I first attended a convent in France, where only the nobility were educated. A very occasional American was received, because, as the French would say: "All Americans are noble in their own right." The nuns were all titled; some of them stood *very, very* high in a worldly sense, but, as I said, they were all ladies of the cream of society. It was a more exclusive convent than the Sacred Heart, therefore the training in point of culture in that convent was worthy the name. An irresistible charm wrapped itself about the place, and within the ivy-walled enclosure we breathed an atmosphere of perfect peace; the days glided by all too swiftly under the shadows of the wide-spreading oaks,—happy days that were to be resumed when I reached womanhood, for the memories had lingered; the ocean formed no barrier. How quickly one learned to love the great charm that lay in and about the old chateau, the moss-grown medieval tower, the stream-lets and rustic bridges, the niches and painted statues, that were in time to become our confidants, our best friends! The analysis of this charm did not trouble our dreamy brains till the nuns would

say: "Our happiness is insured by the withdrawal from the responsibilities of the world." It was this a young princess felt, no doubt, who was taken away during her eighteenth year—the year of her graduation—lest the growing influence might become so powerful as to embarrass the State. So there lay the hidden serpent! Who would have thought such a gentle place could be the lair of the Giant of Despair? Well might it be written over the gates: "Ye who enter here, leave all hope behind." This convent stood, *par eminence*, the first of the land.

I know a young nun who watched the gate of another French convent for thirteen years, with the bare hope of a chance to escape, which finally she succeeded in doing. Fortunately for her, her mother was an American, and the way was subsequently made for her to come here. Still young, still beautiful, with a beauty so fair and of such perfect type that she wore a heavy black veil over her face on Broadway, to avoid attracting attention, and yet she looked back over a waste of thirteen years, during which period she had become a woman, yet remained a child.

(To be continued.)

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give, devise and bequeath to Christ's Mission, New York, a corporation organized and existing under and pursuant to the Religious Corporations Law of the State of New York, and now located at No. 331 West 57th Street, in the city, county and State of New York

(Specify Here the Property)

to be applied to the uses and purposes of the said Mission, in such manner as the Board of Trustees thereof shall, in their discretion, determine.

